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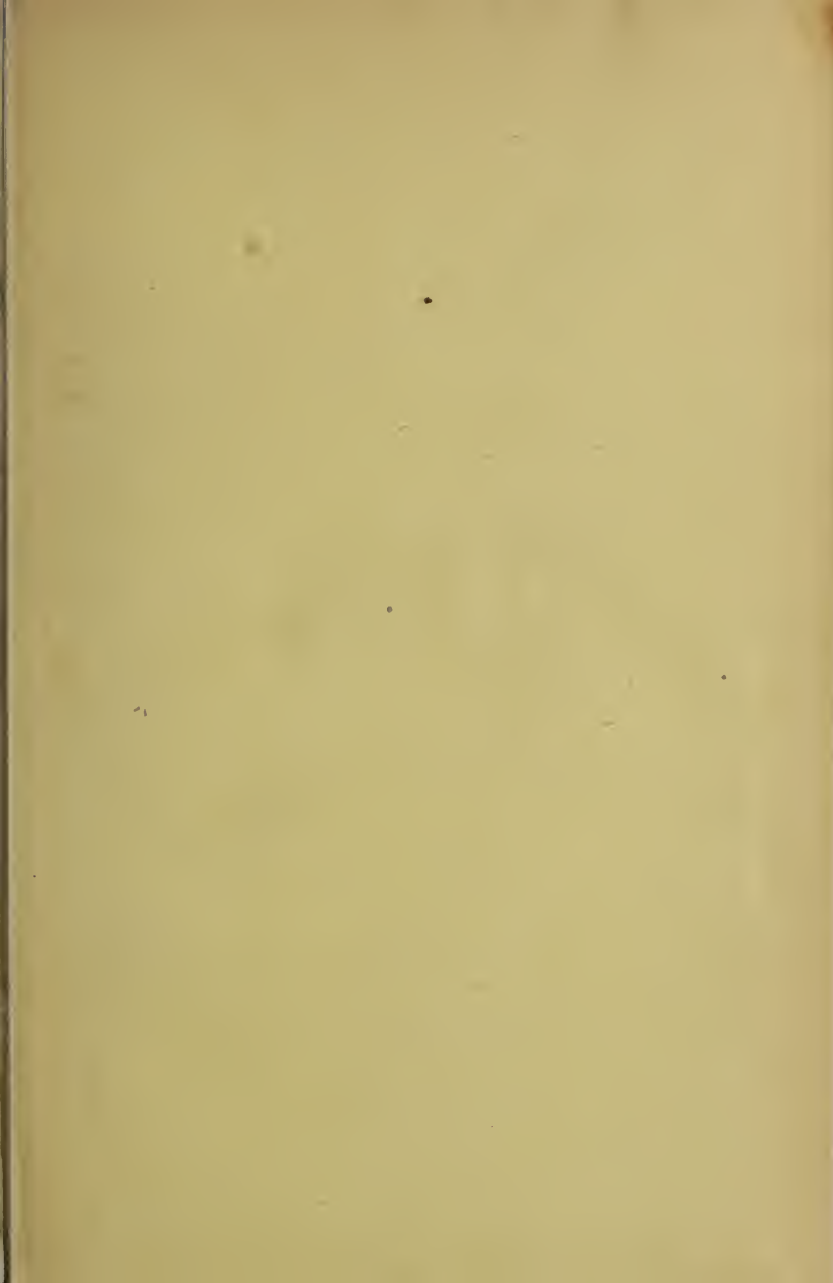
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LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

Genthen Women.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1869.

No. 2.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

BEFORE it is crowded out of my more vivid recollection, I must try to tell you of a visit I have had to-day.

By way of explanation, I need to say, that one morning last week, while I was hearing my usual class from the English school, two Brahmins came, and begged me to go and see a young woman who was very ill. Her first infant was eight days old, and the young mother was in convulsions. I refused, saying that I had been often called too late, and I did not feel as if I could go and see another mother of a newly-born infant in a dying state. They begged me to go, if only to show my kindness of heart; to which I replied, "Yes, I will show you that;" and I went.

I was conducted to one of the largest and finest houses in the town. The street seemed thronged with people. The Mânsiff (County Judge) opened the Bandy door for me, and waited on me to the house. The Tahsildar was there, and it seemed to me every man I knew in the town. One Brahmin woman — who called to-day — came forward to recognize me; but not another woman was to be seen. Entering the house, I asked for the father

of the young woman, and found that he was a man whom I had more than once received at our house; and he cordially recognized me. He led the way in, and guided me to the dark room, where his only daughter was dying. There were lamps burning, so that we could see her face. An aunt was there, a weird-looking woman, very old, and a sort of a hag, whom I have fancied was the midwife. The mother was away in another house. The little baby was in a sort of hammock. In that room were also as many as twenty Brahmins, all looking on as I had my first glimpse of the poor woman.

“She is dying,” I said.

“Do give something to her,” said the father.

I shook my head: “She is dying: let me turn to the living!” I said; while, with such an audience as I never had before, I, surprised at my own boldness, gave them an earnest talk upon the terrible practices attending child-births among them, and referred them to cases which I had seen. They listened with the greatest attention, while others filled the doorway. There being no reason for remaining, I expressed my sympathy for the father, who, having offered me betel-leaf and the abeca-nut, upon a showy brass tray, as a token of hospitality, led the way out.

I soon after heard of the death; and at evening the smoke of the funeral pile went up from the bank of the river.

Just as I was finishing my Wednesday religious lesson with the school, the old Brahmin woman mentioned came. She sat down, and heard me finish the story of Jonah, seeming greatly interested. She then heard us sing “Gentle Jesus.” After dismissing the school, I said to her, “I am really very glad to see you. I was very glad to see you the other day too. It was pleasant to see an old face.”

With great respect she replied, “You honor me too much. I have been very much taken up in the house which you visited, or I would have come before. I cannot tell you what a desolation there is. There was only this one daughter: she was so

happy and so rich ! She had two boxes full of jewels, — very fine jewels ! a large gold plate for here (pointing to the top of her head) ; and another for here (pointing to the back of her head) ; and a string of pearls for here (from the tip of the ear to the back of the head) ; and bracelets and anklets and gold beads not to be counted !” and, with a most expressive gesture, she added, “ And now they are all lying useless !”

“ How is the baby ?” I asked.

“ It is well enough. They are giving it cow’s milk. If it had only been a girl, there would be some joy in it.”

“ A boy !” I exclaimed, “ and not glad, and wishing it was a girl !”

“ If it was a girl there would be somebody to wear all those jewels ; but now they are of no use or pleasure to anybody.”

I then made inquiries about the case, and received very full accounts of it, accompanied by expressions of satisfaction at my coming. There being a pause, I said, “ And you are getting old : your turn to die is coming.”

“ What of it ! they will take me up, and carry me out, and lay me down by the river, and burn me up ; and that is the end of me.”

“ No, not the end of *you*,” I said : “ they cannot burn *you* up !”

“ Then what ?” she asked, with rather a credulous, sarcastic air.

“ You will drop your body as you lay off your clothes ; and that of you which is glad and sorry will live on.”

“ What am I going to do when I am only a handful of ashes ?” she replied, with a poorly-concealed sneer.

Now, if other missionaries take the comfort, and a sort of pride, in saying “ The Lord *my* God,” that I do, they will enjoy David’s loyalty as I do ; so I said, with a feeling of triumphant loyalty to the great Jehovah, —

“ The Lord my God, who made all these trees, made you ; and,

when he pleases, you have got to die, and all the idols in Mana Madura can't help it. Arn't you afraid to die?"

"No: why should I be afraid?"

"But," I replied, "you will be afraid, as soon as you once think that perhaps, very possibly, you may, after all, not *vanish* while you are dying."

She began to look incredulous, and, having satisfied herself that no one was listening, said, —

"How do you know what people are going to do after they are burned to ashes?"

"You are not so sure that you are going to turn to nothing when you die: there is something about this 'after death' which troubles you and every heathen about us. Is there not?"

"Perhaps so," she said, evidently thinking soberly; but, wishing to make her own it, I said, —

"It is my God who sends the rain, who blesses us with harvests and fruits, and who created you and me, and who knows how and when we are to die," She was forgetting herself listening, while I continued, "If we bow down and worship him, and obey him, he will take us to that beautiful city; if you bow down and worship that idol which my God abominates and has forbidden, you will have to be punished. Do you think you can bear this punishment?"

"No: I couldn't, I am sure;" and in an instant, seeing how much she had committed herself, she rose to go.

"Stay," I said, "and hear about the city whose streets are paved with gold, where you can go if only you will let me tell you about it." She did not need urging. It is a beautiful description: even the names of the twelve precious stones are fascinating to an Oriental ear; and her eyes shone to think of gates of one pearl. Poor idolater! she never will forget it, I am sure. She listened to me very attentively, without asking questions of particular interest; and I could only obey the command, "Sow thy seed beside all waters," hoping that the dear Lord would bless this effort like so many others in this land.

TURKEY.

THE GLAD WELCOME.

Miss Olive L. Parmelee reached her destination, Mardin, Eastern Turkey, in September. She writes under date of Jan. 25, "Arriving at Harpoot, we were welcomed to the dear missionary homes there, as warmly as sisters could have anticipated or desired. For several hours before we reached the city, happy faces beamed on Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, showing great joy at their return. One such welcome as that must be good pay for ten years of labor. I could not restrain my tears of sympathy. Wasn't it delightful for me, before I had scarcely begun to feel the cost, to be so far let into the secret of the great reward?"

A HAPPY HOME.

I can never tell what a happy home we have here with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and the dear sunny Andrews. Did I give you the impression that it was a trial to come away from the work I had so long enjoyed at South Hadley? I do not repent the step. The ties that bind me to America are very strong, and I do not anticipate that they will weaken as the years go by. But I am so happy here in the Lord's work, and he has done such great things for me, that I have not the least inclination to look back with any thought of turning.

SARA OF MARDIN.

Should you attend service with us of a sabbath, you would notice that the men are far more intelligent-looking than the women, having had greater privileges. This is the rule, although there are exceptions. At your feet would be Sara, whom you would notice for two reasons: first, because she wears a white sheet. The married women in Mardin wear a

blue sheet ; and the girls a calico, light colored. But Sara is from Diarbehir, and still holds to the fashion there. Her face is very beautiful ; and she is one of the few favored women in this land ; for her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and was so before either of them became Protestants. He was at first very angry when he found she wanted to unite with the church, and had a long, indignant talk with Mr. Williams, but was finally convinced that he had no right to stand between her and what she considered her duty. He said if she offered herself, "of course they would take her, because she was pretty." She was accepted ; and the next day, when the candidates rose to enter into covenant with the church, greatly to every one's surprise, he came out and took his place beside her. Love and pride got the better of his anger ; and he wanted to testify, that, even if she could be so silly, he would stand by and protect her just the same. He is now a very firm Protestant, but not a member of the church.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

I must tell you about our week of prayer, just closed, while the memory of it is fresh in my mind. Will you have quite forgotten there was such a week, by the time this old Mesopotamian letter reaches you ? Then it may be good for you to be reminded, that somebody's heart in this far-off land was very warm, for at least a whole week, because of the assurance, that it was specially prayed for in other places than in our own little chapel in Mardin. Many times, as I sat devoutly listening (apparently) to earnest Arabic prayers, I heard, instead, familiar voices in the dear old lecture-room across the waters, uttering well-remembered petitions ; and my prayer was all a thanksgiving for the "communion of the saints even here on earth." The meetings were held at half-past three, P. M., each day, and from eighty to a hundred persons — about the usual sabbath congregation — attended. I was able to go regu-

larly, and enjoyed it more than I can tell you, though I could understand only an occasional word or phrase. But I loved to hear them sing our familiar tunes, — to see their earnest, attentive faces, their readiness in prayer, so that we often had six prayers in succession with not a moment's pause. My heart could interpret their earnest pleadings; and I came home with more intense longing for the souls of this dear people.

LETTER FROM BROOSA.

An interesting letter, dated Jan. 29, has been received from Miss Ursula C. Clark, who reached her field of labor, Broosa, Western Turkey, in November. Omitting the details of her delightful journey, we commence the narrative from her arrival. She writes, —

“ Dr. Schneider came up from Broosa to meet me at Bebek; and Thanksgiving Day found me fairly established in my new home, very glad and thankful to be here, — thankful for all the way in which I had been led, and most thankful of all for the work opening before me.

“ Mr. Wheeler, I know, claims Harpoot as the ‘ Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth;’ but, if you could only see Broosa as I have, through all the golden October days! for we had October till the first of January. The city lies along one of the lower slopes of Mt. Olympus, which rises above the city in broken and irregular peaks to a height of some six thousand feet. All the lower slopes of the mountain are covered with mulberry gardens and vineyards; above are pastures, from which wind down every night long lines of goats; and up above all are bare rocks, covered with snow the year round. Below the city, there stretches away, miles in length, a broad fertile plain, green even in December, and in summer covered with

most luxuriant crops. Beyond this plain, there is a range of hills in outline not unlike our own Holyoke. From among these hills, and from the plain, all manner of fruits and vegetables are brought into the city. We have all the variety one could wish, — all we know at home, and many more.

“Broosa itself is a gem worthy its setting. Of course, being an Eastern city, it has some narrow and crooked streets, ruins of mosques, and various indescribable Oriental sights and sounds: but its streets, if narrow, are clean; and in the Armenian quarter, where we live, they are wide and well paved. There are innumerable mosques still in good repair; and, as you know, there is nothing in architecture more graceful than the minarets, of which each mosque has at least one, and some two or three. About all these mosques are tall, solemn-looking cypresses, which contrast finely with the white minarets. But the charm and health of Broosa are its fountains, which are at every street-corner, as well as in all the houses of the better class, — great streams coming down clear and cold from the mountains, and flowing into marble basins: wherever one may go, one hears the music of these waters. You will bear with me for dwelling so long on the charms of Broosa, one’s surroundings have so much to do with one’s happiness; and mine are so delightful, in every respect, that I sometimes fear so much happiness is not mine by right. I do not deserve to have every thing just to my mind. You told me, I remember, that Mrs. Schneider would be a mother to me; so I expected that, but you did not tell me that I should find in her, besides, a sister, and a host of congenial friends; neither did you tell me that Dr. S. would be next to my own dear father.

“In regard to the work itself, as yet there is nothing very definite to be said. In fact, I’m only devoting my energies to getting ready to take charge of the good ship when Dr. Schneider and Mr. Richardson shall have launched it.

“It is pleasant to find that interest in the proposed school is

not confined to Protestants, but is felt also by Armenians, and even Turks. We could, no doubt, have as many pupils as we wished from this city alone ; but while such scholars are of course desirable, in order that the school may accomplish the greatest amount of good, we must have girls from the villages, — girls who, going back to their homes to teach, will spread the light they may have gained. Broosa girls seldom leave the city, except to go to Constantinople. We have already heard of several who are ready to come, and only waiting for permission from us : several of these would be supported by their fathers. There has been great difficulty in finding a suitable house for the school ; but an arrangement has at last been made for the summer, which may perhaps be permanent, and we are hoping that the first term may commence in May. It seems to me at times almost an impossibility that I shall *ever* be able to talk so easily with everybody and about every thing as dear Mrs. Schneider does. She is unwearied in her visits among the people, making calls here and there among Armenians and Protestants. I frequently go with her, and occasionally make visits by myself, learning faster in that way than from books. These people are so quick to understand what one wishes to say, and so kind in helping me out of lingual flounderings ; and they never laugh at my mistakes, though I often make very absurd ones. I enjoy, especially, talking with Favaria the new Bible-woman of the place. She is a lovely Christian, and is really, as she promised, a sister to me. Indeed, I've found a great many whom I know I shall love, not simply from interest in their souls, but, just as I love my American friends, because they are so loveable. But oh how I do *long* to get my lips open to these women who don't know or care for any of these things. The Armenian church is near us ; and there are such crowds of them going in and out of it : they have bright, pleasant faces, — persons whom I think it would be a pleasure to teach."

PASSAGES FROM MRS. KNAPP'S MANUSCRIPT.

THE WOMEN OF BITLIS.

One woman, who has withstood all our endeavors to draw her towards us until just before we left for America, tells me now, that, after we were gone, there was not a day for a year that her tears did not flow freely in remembrance of us. Such was her opposition to the truth, that, hearing one day that her son had been to our meeting, she fainted, and remained unconscious for some time. Another woman, who had opposed her husband and children, and had been a great trial to us, as she threw her arms around me, said, "I have remembered all your words to me just before you left, and now I love you very much." We daily see evidence that Christianity has finally reached the hearts of the women; though in no city in this country that I have visited do the customs of the people furnish so many obstacles to the enlightenment of women as in Bitlis. They are kept very secluded, living year after year with their faces closely veiled, and never speaking above a whisper; thus being deprived of all opportunities to speak or hardly think for themselves, but believe just what their ignorant priests tell them. Superstitious ideas are so deeply rooted in their minds, that it is very difficult to make an impression that will mark progress. We hope that a few of the number, who constantly attend our meetings, are Christians; but the pastor and brethren are very slow to admit them to church-membership, knowing their ignorance. Seeing the women in this condition, we are constrained to feel the great necessity of bringing their daughters under our influence, and Christianizing them while quite young; being more and more convinced that Protestantism cannot flourish until the women are thoroughly renovated, and their old superstitious notions are rooted out. We cannot have much hope of those who are already mothers; but for the young we *do* hope, if we can reach and educate them.

THE SCHOOL AT BITLIS.

Our people are so scattered, that we could not, if we would, reach them all by a day-school. We must have a boarding-school for them if we would educate them ; and, by education, we do not mean placing before them the sciences, and telling them they must reach up and grasp : neither do we mean giving them a new style of dress, and thereby create in them a love for outward adorning. They need no more to change their style of dress than their language. Both are adapted to their country and circumstances. We wish to place Christ, and him crucified, before them, and teach them to be Christians.

We desire it to be a school for the poor as well as rich ; for those less favored as to mental capacities, as well as the favored ones. Such a school that the poor villagers will wish to patronize it, without fear that their daughters will come back to them proud and spoiled.

The people here had become somewhat interested and awakened to the subject of educating their daughters before we went away ; and we had collected a school of fifteen girls, eight of whom were from fourteen to twenty-five years of age, and the remainder younger. These eight girls were in the school two years, and their pastor believes that all are converted. Six of these, before we had arrived here, had married young men who hope to become preachers of the gospel. Since our return, we have been trying to interest the people, and make them feel that every girl in the community must come to this school. The 31st chapter of Proverbs has been explained to them, and held up as the model for their wives and daughters.

Teaching there is to be our work ; but the pupils must be brought to us, and provision made for all their temporal wants. This they agree to do, and have chosen four men to constitute a committee to calculate how much will be needed annually for each girl. The parents, if able, are to bring it with their

daughters when they come to school. Those who need help apply to the committee; and they, knowing their circumstances better than we, can decide the amount, but having for a rule, that every one, however poor, must give something; for, if the daughter stayed at home, she must eat bread, and therefore her parents must supply a portion of her food at school. We expect five girls this year from the neighboring villages to come to our school, whom we hope in a year or two to send back to teach their friends. This plan of carrying on the school is new and untried with us, and we do not know as it will succeed; but it promises well so far, and relieves us of a burden of cares. It is also better for the people to feel that the school is theirs, and to bear responsibilities and grow strong.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WOMEN.

The women have a share in the good work of sustaining our school. At our last weekly prayer-meeting, four women were chosen, who should have the care of providing clothes for the poor girls who wish to come to school. The women have sold their ear-rings, and nose-rings, and other useless ornaments, and with the money bought cotton, spun, wove, and dyed it red; and now they have given the proceeds to help poor girls get an education.

Yesterday they purchased about three hundred piastres worth of material; and to-day a woman has walked two miles through the snow, and in a pouring rain, to cut garments for four girls, and distribute them among those who have volunteered to sew them.

There are as many more who need help; and next week they will decide what to do for them. Our women number about thirty; and, besides this work, they expect to support a Bible-reader. One woman brought three small gold pieces (worth thirty piastres), which she had taken from her head, and said she wished it to be used to send a preacher to adjacent villages. Said she, "I want to give all I have to Christ." Another woman, who is not permitted to come to our meetings, stole away from her house

long enough to go to a neighbor who was to attend, and gave her some money to bring for *her*. The women in Bitlis can earn but about two cents, or twelve piastres, in a day, when engaged in their most profitable employment, which is spinning cotton.

MARRYING A BLIND MAN.

One of the converted girls in our school went with the pastor, B. Simons, to Marash, expecting to be married to John Concordance, the blind man that we read about in the book entitled "Ten years on the Euphrates," and whose sermon on giving tithes has been printed in "The Missionary Herald."

She is a brave, noble girl, and showed much Christian fortitude in this affair. Her friends opposed her; and one brother went so far as to threaten to shoot her if she attempted to go. The night before she was to start, her opposers collected in great numbers, and made such a noise and confusion, that the pastor, at whose house she had sought refuge, sent for his Mussulman neighbors to still them. These men called the girl, and inquired if she desired to marry this blind man, or if she had been influenced by others. She distinctly answered that it was her choice. Then the pastor told them how, a year ago, she had prayed much, that, if God saw fit to give her a husband, "he might be a Christian man: though he be blind, let him be a Christian." And, when John wished her to become his wife, she could not refuse, because she felt sure that God had sent him in answer to her prayers. Then the Mussulmans said that no one could interfere with her marriage, and also that they would be witnesses for her. So, without the farewell blessing of her mother and brothers, fearing God more than man, she went away, and will live in Havadoric, a poor village near Moosh, and teach the people the way of salvation: while her husband, led by a little boy, goes from village to village during the week, selling Bibles and preaching; coming home on Saturday, that he may preach to the people in this village on the sabbath.

FOOCHOW, CHINA.

[EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY MISS PAYSON.]

A letter received April 26, from Miss Adelia M. Payson, one of our missionaries at Foochow, gives intelligence of her "safe arrival, and cordial reception by the missionaries." Her journey was very prosperous; and, among pleasant incidents, she gives the following: "We were detained in Panama Bay on account of freight, and did not reach California until the 26th of November. We were tired of sea-life, and were rejoiced to have the privilege of eating our 'roast turkey' on shore."

She reached Foochow on the 18th of January, and is at present domiciled in Mr. Peet's family. She says, "I am trying to master this barbarous tongue, with a native teacher, at the rate of four hours a day; repeating final syllables and their proportions until my throat is hoarse. Even after twenty years' study, I am told that I shall not be independent of teachers. The missionaries are surely sowing the seeds of what will one day be a plentiful harvest; and they are very impatient to obtain recruits. I hope the time is not far distant when these heathen temples, crowning so many hill-tops, shall give place to churches of the Christian's God. I am striving to learn this foreign tongue, so that I may do something towards helping on the good work."

 AFRICA.

THE PIONEER TO THE ZULUS.

The following extracts from letters written thirty-five years ago by Mrs. Geo. Champion, cannot fail to interest our readers, as giving us the first impressions of that pioneer band, as they then commenced their labors for the poor Zulus.

"As we neared Capetown, the cry 'Land ho!' was heard in merry mood on deck. Our party were immediately mounted on the shrouds in order to gain a first view of the country on which

our thoughts and prayers had so long centred. Then, with eyes turned towards the land of the ill-fated African, we sung, —

‘ O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze.’

And, safely moored after our long voyage, we could but exclaim, ‘ What shall we render to God for all his mercies ! ’ We commenced our journey to Port Natal in bullock-wagons. Each had a wagon and twenty-four oxen, twelve or fourteen attached at a time, as the case might require. Thus equipped, we went on our way at the rate of two or three miles per hour. Our journey of five or six hundred miles was performed in nine weeks. We bade adieu to Port Natal after a residence of a few months, although I had fondly hoped that we might remain there. In obedience to what all felt to be the will of our heavenly Father, we commenced our journey inland to the Zulus. After journeying ten days, we pitched our tent in a vale, looking towards the north. There we commenced building some rude houses of stone, sticks, and mud, with a roof of grass. But, as the rain often detained us, it was not until three moons had waxed and waned, that we had a shelter from the pitiless storm. A few weeks after entering our dwelling, a son was born ; but, as his birth was premature, he soon yielded up his breath. This was a severe trial to me. O my M. ! I thought of you in that hour, with no mother, no sister, no female friend nigh. But think you I envied her, who, at home in such an event, would have had the support of a fond mother ! No : my tongue was filled with praise for the mercies which surrounded me. Yet I often think of the days we so delightfully passed together, and of my grief at parting, which was but the beginning of partings with me. To parents, brothers, sisters, all I have bidden adieu. As I parted with them forever, my heart was wrung with anguish, while at the same time it was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was a strange, sad hour ; and, as the recol-

lection comes over me, tears fill my eyes : but think you I regret it, — that I would have left one thing of it undone ? Not unless I had forgotten Jesus, — him who died on Calvary, he who bore my sins in his own body on the tree. No : I regret it not. Again and again would I separate those ties if duty called, and say farewell to all I held dear, and go out not knowing whither I went.

MRS. EDWARDS AND THE ZULUS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, the first missionary of our adoption, safely reached her destination, Inanda, Nov. 18. “The Missionary Herald” of April gives the following extract of a letter written by her Dec. 4 : “If I say that I am filled with astonishment at the degree of cultivation, or rather Christianization, among the natives, others have written enthusiastically of first impressions, and then in sorrow acknowledged that they were mistaken. There are three native missionaries supported by the native Christians of this mission. This is done by a people extremely poor. Poor Christians at home know nothing of poverty : they live in luxury, compared with these people. There are four on this station who preach ; and Mr. Lindley says the arrangement, appropriateness, and point of the sermons would compare favorably with many preached in America.

“The country is fine ; the road from Durban to Inanda is delightful ; the scenery is picturesque, sometimes bold and rugged. The seminary building stands on the east side, and fronting Mr. Lindley’s house. It is built of brick, one story high, and covered with zinc. It contains ten rooms, — dining-room, kitchen, school-room, sitting-room, and six bedrooms. Three rooms have board floors : the others are made of earth. The grounds between the two houses are tastefully laid out, and ornamented with trees, shrubs, and flowers.”

THE HONESTY OF THE ZULUS.

In another communication, just received, she says, "It is a source of joy that I did not choose my field of labor. As to the country, there cannot be a more beautiful one; and, as to the people, Mr. Lindley says there is not a race of barbarians on the earth who are so honest, so faithful, and trustworthy as the Zulus. There has been the time when he would send money to Durban for the purchase of articles by any strange native who chanced to be passing. The errand would be done, and the change returned. My boxes were open for two weeks, and the doors and windows unlocked night and day. When I expressed some concern about it, Mr. Lindley said, 'Give yourself no uneasiness, for they are perfectly safe.'"

AN APPEAL FOR ZULU WOMEN.

"The women are the beasts of burden. They dig, plant, gather the corn, thresh it, and carry it to market. If Christian women could realize what the Bible has done for them, they would not, they could not, be happy without doing all in their power to send to those who have never received it. I am sure you have not forgotten your promise to pray for me. If you could see the degradation of the women, and the hopefulness of the work, every prayer offered would bear a petition to the throne, that the Father would pour out his Holy Spirit. Pray that this school, teacher and scholars, may be in a special manner in his keeping, that we may walk with him, that every girl who is taught may be a light to all around her.

"A poor old woman came to the chapel in a tattered garment. I gave her one of my dresses: she was so grateful, she went to the hut of Cingway, and, weeping, begged her to come and ask me to take her. She is a heathen, but said she wanted to learn the words of the Inkasi before she died. How I wished that some of the money so foolishly spent at home could be used here!"

Light and Life.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

From our sisters comes the wail,
 " Give us light : our idols fail !
 Help us bury in the dust
 Hoary fanes in which we trust !
 " Give us light ! " thus, ceaselessly,
 Call they o'er the Bengal Sea ;
 Cry they, too, from Turkey's strand,
 And from Afric's darkened land.

They are groping in the night :
 Shall we hide from them the light ?
 Shall we harden each our heart, —
 In Christ's giving have no part ?
 Where the Pagan women roam,
 Why was not our earthly home
 Why of Jesus have we heard,
 If 'tis not to spread his Word ?

Lo ! 'tis now the Lord's own time :
 Open is each heathen clime.
 Let us send of Life the light ;
 Let us go in God's own might.
 Have we not the promise heard ?
 " Always with you " is his word.
 Sowers, reapers, hasten on,
 And the nations shall be won.

By the sufferings Christ hath borne,
 By the Holy Father's frown
 Cast on him for thy sins' sake,
 Christian sister, offerings make ;
 Speed the story of the cross ;
 For Christ's sake, count all things loss ;
 Be thou faithful, toil and pray,
 Till earth's kingdoms own his sway.

A MORNING'S WORK.

BY ONE OF OUR LIFE-MEMBERS IN INDIA.

How busy I am ! Even my evenings are becoming engrossed with school exercises, which I cannot find time for in the day.

My time is also much taken up by attending to the sick. I don't like to send any one away ; and I make many friends where I am able to benefit. I am obliged to make a rule, that I can attend to no one after seven in the morning. Of course in case of accidents, or of persons from a distance, I make an exception. One morning I had eighteen cases to look after before seven ; then I had, in Mr. — 's absence, to open the school, and have charge of it till nine, when I breakfasted. I have been very successful with children and infants. Older people are very apt to come when they have become discouraged under native treatment. I might mention many items of interest to you in this connection. I *must* tell you of a mother, who brought a daughter, a young woman grown, and laid her down upon our verandah steps. The poor thing was in the last stages of consumption ; and I *never, never*, can forget the way she stretched out her hands to me, and with an imploring look said, —
“ I have heard of you ; and here I am.”

The mother seemed strong and well, though quite advanced in years. Said she, —

“ We have come two miles. This poor child would give me no rest ; and I took her up and brought her.”

“ Brought her yourself ! ” I exclaimed, — “ yourself all the way ! ”

“ I helped her a little,” said a nice woman, who had been every day for a week, and whose young daughter was nearly cured of an obstinate fever ; “ but I thought many times we must give it up.”

Those imploring eyes were fixed upon me, as I turned away to others who were waiting.

There was a mother with a little girl, who has had a fearful sore, but who was so nearly well that I dismissed her ; a young woman with a disease in the scalp, and too proud to have her hair shaven, and to whom I have given the same advice so many times, that I declined doing any thing more.

Then there was a mother with a baby ; and another ; and another. Oh, dear ! how my heart aches for the neglected babies of this country !

I often talk with these women, if I have not too much to do for them. There was a woman with a sore foot, whom I passed over to my young maid. She helps me nicely.

There were two more cases of eruptive disease, and a new case of fever, — one more sick baby, and they had gone.

The poor young woman had been lying on the verandah, watching wearily all that had been going on. I went down the steps to her, and said, as kindly as I could, that “ she was very sick, and that no medicine would cure her now, — it would only make her sicker and more uncomfortable ;” and I said many other things. She listened to me, and then burst into tears, and turned to her mother and said, —

“ How can we ever get home ? ” The mother turned to me.

“ We never can get home with no hope to help us. Show me a place, and we will stay here till she dies.”

It was distressing beyond expression to me. I talked a while longer with her, and called the bandyman, and told him to put plenty of straw in the bandy, and take her home.

I went into the house, thankful that the bullocks were at home, so that these poor creatures should not be compelled to such a forlorn walk home.

SYRIA.

Miss Everett writes from Beirût, March 9. Among items of interest are her first impressions of the place. She says, “ I had repressed all high anticipations, and was happily surprised.

The school building is so good, the grounds about it are so pleasant, and we have so many home comforts and so much choice society in our large missionary band, and Beirût affords so large a supply of temporal comforts, that it cannot involve hardship to come here as a missionary, and I cannot be thankful enough for what I enjoy. The dear companionship ceases when we go beyond our garden wall ; but what is this, when compared with what earlier missionaries suffered, and multitudes are now suffering, and more than all, I blush to name it, when I think of the sacrifice of Calvary for these souls and for mine ?”

THE SCHOOL.

“ I find the pupils far more attractive in manner, and apt to learn than I expected. Many have awakened in me an intense interest, and some are really bewitching. I never was in a school, even a Sunday school, where they showed such familiarity with the Bible as our pupils do. Not simply Bible stories are they well versed in, but more difficult subjects, as Paul’s missionary tours, the full description of Solomon’s Temple and the Chronology of the Bible. They are all very ready to talk upon the subject of personal religion ; but conscience seems dormant, and they have little idea of doing right for the sake of the right, with few exceptions.

“ Our great want is the Holy Spirit’s influence. I am heavily burdened in heart because of this dearth. Outwardly the school is prosperous ; but I want to see souls converted : this must be the Spirit’s work. We have to pray a great deal for patience while being tongue-tied.

“ The girls listen very attentively to religious instruction in Arabic, and many are thoughtful. Several have pious parents, and seem not far from the kingdom of heaven. Most of them are under the age at which we really expect children at home to be converted. But do we not often limit God in that regard ?”

NEED OF WOMAN'S WORK.

Dr. Jessup of Syria, in a letter dated Beirût, March 16, says, "I regard woman's work among the women as, at the present time, of pressing importance. Mission schools and missionary preaching have opened the door of access to thousands of families in foreign lands, where none but women can enter. In Shakir, a widow from the massacre of Hasbeiya is now laboring as a Bible woman and reader in Beirût. She has access now to some fifty Mohammedan families. Miss Taylor, a devoted Scotch lady, who co-operated cordially with us, has a school in Beirût of seventy-five Mohammedan girls. She has no regular support, trusting in the Lord for means to carry on her interesting work from month to month.

NESTORIA.

REPORT OF HÂNÉE AT TABREEZ.

Translated by Mrs. Labaree.

An interesting letter has been received from Hânée, the wife of the native helper at Tabreez. Five years since, she commenced her labors in that city, then enshrouded in deep moral darkness, — such darkness, as she expressed it, that she could do nothing till she had prayed a great deal. She continues : —

"There are now young men and young women who are much enlightened. In reading the Bible, and looking out references, they find that in the gospel alone is made known the way of salvation by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, our beloved Saviour, and there is no way of salvation under the sun, except through him. There are large schools for boys and girls here, which are supported by the people themselves; and the parents are very much in earnest that their children should be taught. All, whether rich or poor, are equally desirous of having their

children learn to read. If poor, they lighten their other expenses, that they may be able to afford teachers for them. At this time, there are only schools for boys. 'The girls' school has been discontinued, because there is no female teacher for it. Therefore, I undertook with much zeal to learn to read the Armenian language, that I might be able to read the Holy Scripture to the poor women and girls who are left without instruction. Although many of them read, they are very ignorant; for what they have learned has had no effect to enlighten them, because their teachers have only taught them reading and the forms of their religion. These teachers themselves have little knowledge of godliness and the light of life. Seeing this absence of light and understanding, I made an effort to explain to them what they have read and learned; and many understand and accept. But it is very difficult to meet with them as much as I wish, since it is not the custom to go to their houses, except by invitation."

QUARTERLY REPORT.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in Old South Chapel, Boston, Tuesday, April 6, at 3 P. M., notice of the meeting having been given, one week previous, in "The Congregationalist and Boston Recorder."

The fact that no quarterly meeting has as yet been so largely attended, as well as the increased contributions reported by the Treasurer, gives gratifying evidence of a steadily growing interest in the Society, and the cause it represents.

The act of incorporation recently granted by the legislature of Massachusetts rendering it necessary, the Society proceeded, after the usual devotional exercises, to re-organize the Woman's Board of Missions, and unanimously re-appointed the officers elected at the annual meeting.

Mrs. Homer Bartlett, Treasurer, reported receipts for the quarter as \$5,549 $\frac{76}{100}$, besides subscriptions for more than five hundred copies of "Life and Light."

She especially noticed two letters containing large remittances, — one from Providence, R.I., the other from Colchester, Conn., — in which it was distinctly mentioned that the moneys forwarded had not been obtained until after the usual collections for the A. B. C. F. M., one of which was the largest ever taken.

Mrs. Bartlett also read a letter from the venerable Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., enclosing \$75.00 for life-membership of the three female members of his family.

He said, "My infirmities are such that I cannot visit Boston personally; but my whole heart is with you in the great and good work in which you are engaged. The good Lord, the blessed Saviour, *is* with you, and *will* be with you 'always.' . . . The Lord of Hosts be with you, and prosper you in your noble effort; and, though few days remain to *me* on earth, may *your* days be many, and your angelic ministries to the forlorn daughters of idolatry and superstition carry joy up to the courts of God!"

The benediction of this beloved father in the ministry seemed like the voice of God through the lips of his servant, and made a profound impression upon all who heard it.

Mrs. George Gould, Corresponding Secretary, read extracts of letters from Miss Olive L. Parmelee, Miss Ursula C. Clarke, and others. Another was from Mrs. L. S. Parker, missionary of the M. E. Church in India, now in this country, regretting that she could not be present at the meeting, and expressing great sympathy in our work, and an earnest desire for our prosperity.

The meeting being cheered by the presence of several missionaries, one of them, Mrs. Walker, from Diarbekir, after prayer by Mrs. Safford, related, in a simple and touching manner, many incidents in her own missionary life, concluding by saying that

she blessed God for all the way in which he had led her, and for the great privilege of being a missionary.

After singing an original hymn by Mrs. Emily C. Pearson, followed by the doxology, the audience dispersed, some of them mentally asking the question, "How much longer will the Old South Chapel be large enough to hold our quarterly meetings?"

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec'y.*

HOW WE FORMED OUR AUXILIARY.

Having received a Circular of the Woman's Board of Missions, our active Miss L. hastened to the sewing-circle, and made known its message. "Now, ladies," said she, "we must do our part. We are responsible to God, and are bound by the most weighty considerations to do all the good in our power." The ladies, concurring in this thought, at once appointed Miss L. directress of the new society, and her friend Carrie secretary and treasurer.

A list of the female membership of the church was obtained, districts portioned, and the three collectors started on their rounds the ensuing week. At the next meeting of the circle, a favorable report was returned by the collectors; and Carrie, who fills the twofold offices of secretary and treasurer, promptly wrote the Treasurer of the "Woman's Board of Missions" at Boston, enclosing the amount obtained. It was agreed that a half-hour should be spent by the circle, quarterly, in listening to the reading of missionary intelligence, selected from "Light and Life for Heathen Women," "The Missionary Herald," and other authentic sources. It was also voted, that, at the annual meeting of the circle, the above offices be filled for the year; and thus our auxiliary society, in working order, was successfully launched.

C.

OUR WORK.

It is gratifying to note an increased interest in every department of our home-work, as is shown in our report. The uniform testimony of our foreign correspondents to the joy and happiness afforded them in their labors is also exceedingly cheering.

A missionary in Madura, who had been laid aside by temporary sickness, writes, "The wish to devote a long life to Christ, in India, becomes more intense every day. I never felt a stronger assurance that this joy would be mine; and I never had cause for deeper gratitude than at present. The evidence I have had, that God was planning for me and directing my steps, has been sufficient to cheer me: even when the prospect of future usefulness seemed most uncertain, I knew that the Lord's plans were the only safe ones, and that they would surely promote his glory. I thank him for disappointment; for it has brought the joy of more entire trust in God, and I hope, also, a better preparation for his service."

Of a similar character are all the testimonies of the missionaries reported in our columns, from Mrs Champion, the pioneer to the Zulus thirty-five years ago, to the young sisters recently sent out by our Board.

Is other stimulus needed to excite us to more vigorous activity? let us find it in the generous contribution of means and labors by the converted Armenian women for the girls' school in Bitlis. If self-denial for Christ yields such precious fruit in foreign lands, why should not we, by corresponding efforts, gain a like blessing?

It is "the day of small things" with us, compared with the immensity of the opening field; and, as we become more and more conscious of the magnitude of the work, we feel the inadequacy of our strength and resources to meet the demand. Yet "we can do all things through Christ strengthening us;" and we echo the notes of joy wafted us from our sisters afar,

and bless God that he has called us to be co-workers with his dear Son in the world's redemption. Do we not well to cherish the inspiring thought, that, when the sheaves shall all be gathered into the heavenly granaries, not the reapers, but the sowers who dropped the seed of the Word amid darkness and discouragement, thus rooting a work for Christ, nurturing it by their tears and prayers, shall sing forever the loudest, sweetest songs of praise.

The issue of our Quarterly has introduced us to a large circle of Christian ladies, many of whom cheer us by words of hope and sympathy, while a few fear that we have not counted the cost. They bid us look at the time, means, and labor involved in carrying on our operations, at the apathy of large numbers of the women in our churches, of the depths to be reached, of the heights to be climbed, and of giant difficulties to be overcome, that will continually impede our progress. In reply we say, He who has appointed our work is able to carry it on; and therefore we expect to bridge the chasms, scale the mountains, vanquish the giants, and, with grateful memory of what God has done for us, step by step removing obstacles and clearing the way, can we doubt that he will give us the victory in every conflict? With the banner of the cross, and Jesus for our leader, "we are able" to go forth and enlist the heathen women for him, and carry "light and life" into the region and shadow of death.

Dear readers, speeding our work by your prayers, will you not come and bear with us the burdens, and share the glorious reward of those "who weary not in well doing?"

SELF-DENIAL AND ITS REWARD.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." So we thought the other day when a young servant of God brought a donation to constitute his wife a life-member of the W. B. M.

Knowing that his health had become so much impaired as to oblige him to relinquish his pastoral charge, and that several children of tender years were dependent upon his small income, we hardly felt justified in retaining the gift.

When the fear was afterwards expressed to him that he had carried self-denial too far, he replied, "I love the cause of missions; and I gave because I felt it a privilege, saying to my wife that I thought we could perhaps do without the money. And *we did not lose by it either*; for the next day a friend owning a woollen mill sent me a piece of cloth sufficient to clothe my family!"

Relating this incident to another, whose contribution to the same object had involved considerable self-denial, her instant rejoinder was, "Oh, yes! that is just like our heavenly Father; he always keeps his promises, and 'gives good measure, pressed down, and running over.' He returned my gift in a very few days, just tenfold; and I felt ashamed that I had not given more."

"THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR."

CHICAGO.

This Society reports an auspicious commencement and prospects. Its receipts for the three months ending March 1 were \$1,226.55. God speed the work!

"WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY."

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

This is an enterprising auxiliary of the Chicago W. B. M. I., and is engrafted upon the female prayer-meeting; which meets weekly in five neighborhood meetings, and monthly at the parsonage. At the monthly meetings the members bring the aggregate of the sums they have pledged each week, an example well worth imitation by all auxiliaries.

We are glad to learn of the enthusiastic welcome extended our missionary friends, Mrs. Lydia V. Snow and Miss Myra Proctor, on their tour West in the enterprise of awakening special interest among the churches in behalf of heathen women. They addressed audiences of ladies in various places. Miss Proctor met fifteen hundred mission children in Detroit, and made them a short, earnest address. At Kalamazoo, they were entertained at the Michigan Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and each addressed the young ladies. Now, more than ever, is the time for women to work for Christ, who so graciously opens the way.

A CALL FOR AUXILIARIES.

Dear Christian Sisters, — Thirty years ago, our mothers and grandmothers supported three hundred and twenty mission societies, auxiliary to the American Board. Shall we, their children, with our increased opportunities, do less? Then missions were in their infancy, considered by many an experiment: now they have been so owned and blessed of God, that the Christian public feel it a duty as well as a privilege to support them. If you have faithfully and gladly given a tenth already, can you not spare a little more to help the women whom heathenism has made drudges and slaves?

We wish to have an auxiliary society in every town. Any number of ladies contributing not less than ten dollars a year may form a society. It is not necessary to have a cumbrous organization. The sewing-circle may have within it a mission-circle. Intelligence can be obtained from the different fields, so that you may know how the work goes on. Who is there that has a heart for the work?

For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald," for March, April, and May, 1869.

In Memoriam.

We were startled last week, for the first time as a society, by the messenger of death. To-day we are called to mournfully record the decease of one of our directors, — our beloved

MRS. GILES PEASE,

WHO WENT HOME ON APRIL 19.

Very early in life she became a Christian, and for nearly fifty years adorned her profession. Hers were rare domestic virtues : she was the oak to whom the home-tendrils lovingly clung, and as a wife and mother was most exemplary. But, while so faithful in these relations, she did not rest there, or limit her charities to her fireside circle ; but her sympathizing heart was moved, and her ready ear listened to every cause for the succor of the suffering that came within her reach. She was very efficient in helping forward "The Moral Reform" enterprise, which reaches down the hand of love to uplift fallen women. Who can say but that it may be she vacated the presiding chair of that society, to come to them again, "a ministering spirit" to guide, comfort, and strengthen the returning prodigal? From the beginning, she identified herself as an earnest worker in the "Young Women's Christian Association" of this city, and never ceased active efforts in its behalf, so long as her health allowed. The first prayer-meeting was held in her parlor, which initiated that movement. She was also present at the meeting of the little band of Christian women in the Old South Chapel, which led to the inauguration of our society. The last public act of her life was to speak in our quarterly meeting, after having made self-denying efforts to be present. She expressed joy on her sick-bed, that she had been permitted to unite with us in our mission work, which seeks the world's redemption. Just before she went to the Saviour, whose cause had ever been dear to her, her thoughts were directed to those with whom she had been associated in active efforts to obey his last command ; and she sent a farewell remembrance to us, and bade her dear ones bear her love to the members of our board.

Children's Corner.

WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?

Let me tell you, dear children, of a little girl scarce three years old, a tiny, bright-eyed body, of whom you would say in passing: "Isn't she cunning; isn't she pretty?" and yet so wisely trained and guarded, that she is not in the least spoiled.

A lady called to see her mother a short time since, to ask the annual collection of the Woman's Board of Missions, when little May, attracted by the earnest conversation, ran to her, saying, "I'se going to be a missionary! I 'ant to be a missionary!" The lady took her up, and told her some stories about the poor little heathen; and then, in response to the glistening eye and quick heart-throb, said, —

"You shall be a little missionary, if you ask papa to give you twenty-five dollars to make you a life-member of our society."

This satisfied the child, and soon after the lady left. When she called the second time, the little girl was summoned, and came running to the visitor, all alive with, "I'se a little missionary *now*," at the same time putting twenty-five dollars into her hand.

She had climbed into her papa's lap at her earliest opportunity, and lavished all the wealth of her love and pretty endearments upon him; and so pleadingly asked for the twenty-five dollars, that the father, deeply grateful to God for the gift of this precious child, could not deny her request.

But you ask, "How did twenty-five dollars make her a missionary?"

Suppose you very much desire to make your father a present of a beautiful watch-case, but are too small to embroider it, and still know how to knit, crochet, pick berries, take care of babies, or do something else by which you could gain a little money: you would have no need to sigh and say, "I cannot give him the beautiful watch-case, because I do not know how to work it;" for you could use many spare minutes, — and they would be real love minutes, — and earn here a few pennies, and there a few more, until, almost before you know it, you would have money enough to get the materials, and pay somebody else to make it for you, so that, when you presented it, you could say, "Father, this is all my own present: I bought it with my money!"

Now, although May is too young to go to teach heathen children herself, the twenty-five dollars can be given to a good Bible-reader, who will visit the little mud-floored cottages, and, gathering the mothers and children around her, tell them the story of the Cross, and show how even the little ones may please and serve Jesus.

Thus little May is a real missionary, because she can provide a Christian teacher. Will she not grow into a deeper pity and love for the heathen as the years pass on? And will not her dear mother be likely to train her for missionary service?

But you say, "My father is not rich enough to give me twenty-five dollars." Now, please listen: just want to be a missionary, and want it *ever so much*, because you are so sorry for children who will never know how to be good unless somebody is sent to teach them, and then go and tell Jesus, asking him to direct you what to do for him, while you are young.

Every child cannot do what this little girl did; but there is a work which God will give you, and which no one else can do quite as well.

Can you not talk with some of your mates, and persuade them

to join you in forming a little mission-band, a berry or sewing circle, to earn money for the Board of Missions. Jesus will own and prosper it; and will say to you, too, from the throne of his glory, "Well done!"

THE LITTLE ARAB GIRL.

At the time of the massacres in Syria, in 1860, very many women and children fled to Beirût for safety. The mothers especially suffered much from hunger, as they gave what little food they could get to their children.

Among other Arab women who escaped from Hasbeiya was a native Christian, who not only loved Jesus herself, but taught her little girl, Miriam, the prayer our Saviour gave us. One night Miriam, who was only three years old, being very hungry, kneeled down beside her mother, and began to say "Our Father." She went on till she came to "Give us this day our daily bread." She stopped, then began again. "Give us this day our daily bread, and please do, dear Jesus, give us bread and olives, and *enough for mother and me too.*"

Was her prayer answered? Yes. God sent them food, and made her *sing for joy*. "Enough for mother and me too."

Little children, if you are in any trouble, go and tell Jesus. He has *promised*, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name *I* will do it."

MRS. S. A. CLOSSON,

A life-member of the Woman's Board in Cesarea, writes, Jan. 7th, from Yallas, "As I have never regretted that I came here, only regret that I have done so little for Christ. This week we are having prayer-meetings morning and evening: they are well attended, and a good spirit manifested. May this new year be one of blessing to all our missions! Pray much for us, that we may be good soldiers of the Cross."

Onward.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

Will not our young readers call to mind the story of the spies, and their report of the land, as found in Num. xiii.

AIR, — “ *Waiting by the river.*”

We are going, onward going,
To possess the promised land,
Fearing not the hostile legions,
Since we go at Christ’s command.

CHORUS.

We are able, fully able,
To possess the promised land ;
Though the hindrances are mighty,
We’ll go on at Christ’s command.

II.

Heeding not the “ high-walled cities,”
We are marching fearless on,
Trusting in the faithful promise,
That the kingdom shall be won.

Chorus. — We are able, fully able, &c.

III.

Glory be to Christ our Saviour,
Who is Leader in the strife,
Who doth order well the battle,
With his watchword “ Endless Life.”

Chorus. — We are able, &c.

IV.

Flee away, old superstition !
Soul-debasing errors rife !
Haste away, ye powers of darkness :
Christ alone is Light and Life !

Chorus. — We are able, &c.

v.

Endless Life for those who perish :
 Let this cheer us on our way !
 And oh let us never falter
 Till the nations Christ obey !

Chorus. — We are able, &c.

Dear young friends, you have many times sung “Waiting by the River ;” but have you truly enlisted for Christ ? He is calling every one of you to his service. As you sing our hymn, will you not join our army, and be faithful soldiers of the cross, so that, when you have forded the “river,” you may wear the victor’s crown on the heavenly shore ?

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-nine.

AN ACT

TO INCORPORATE THE WOMAN’S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows : —

SECTION 1. — Sarah L. Bowker, Eliza H. Anderson, and Berinthia M. Child, their associates and successors, are hereby constituted a body corporate, to be located in the city of Boston, under the name of “The Woman’s Board of Missions ;” with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, liabilities, and restrictions, set forth in the general laws which now are, or may hereafter be, in force relating to corporations, so far as the same may be applicable.

SECT. 2. — Said corporation may hold real and personal estate to an amount not exceeding two hundred thousand dollars, to be devoted exclusively to the purposes and objects herein set forth.

SECT. 3. — The object and purpose of this corporation shall be to collect, receive, and hold money given by voluntary contributions, donations, bequests, or otherwise, to be exclusively expended in sending out and supporting such unmarried females as the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions shall, under the recommendation of the board of directors of this corporation, designate and appoint as assistant missionaries and teachers for the Christianization of women in foreign lands; and for the support of such other female missionaries, or native female helpers in the missionary work, as may be selected by the board of directors with the approbation of the said Prudential Committee.

SECT. 5. — This act shall take effect upon its passage.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, March 3, 1869.

Passed to be enacted.

HARVEY JEWELL, *Speaker.*

IN SENATE, March 4, 1869.

Passed to be enacted.

ROBERT C. PITMAN, *President.*

March 6, 1869.

Approved.

WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, March 17, 1869.

A true copy.

Attest.

OLIVER WARNER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

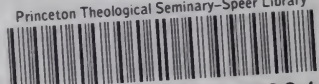
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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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